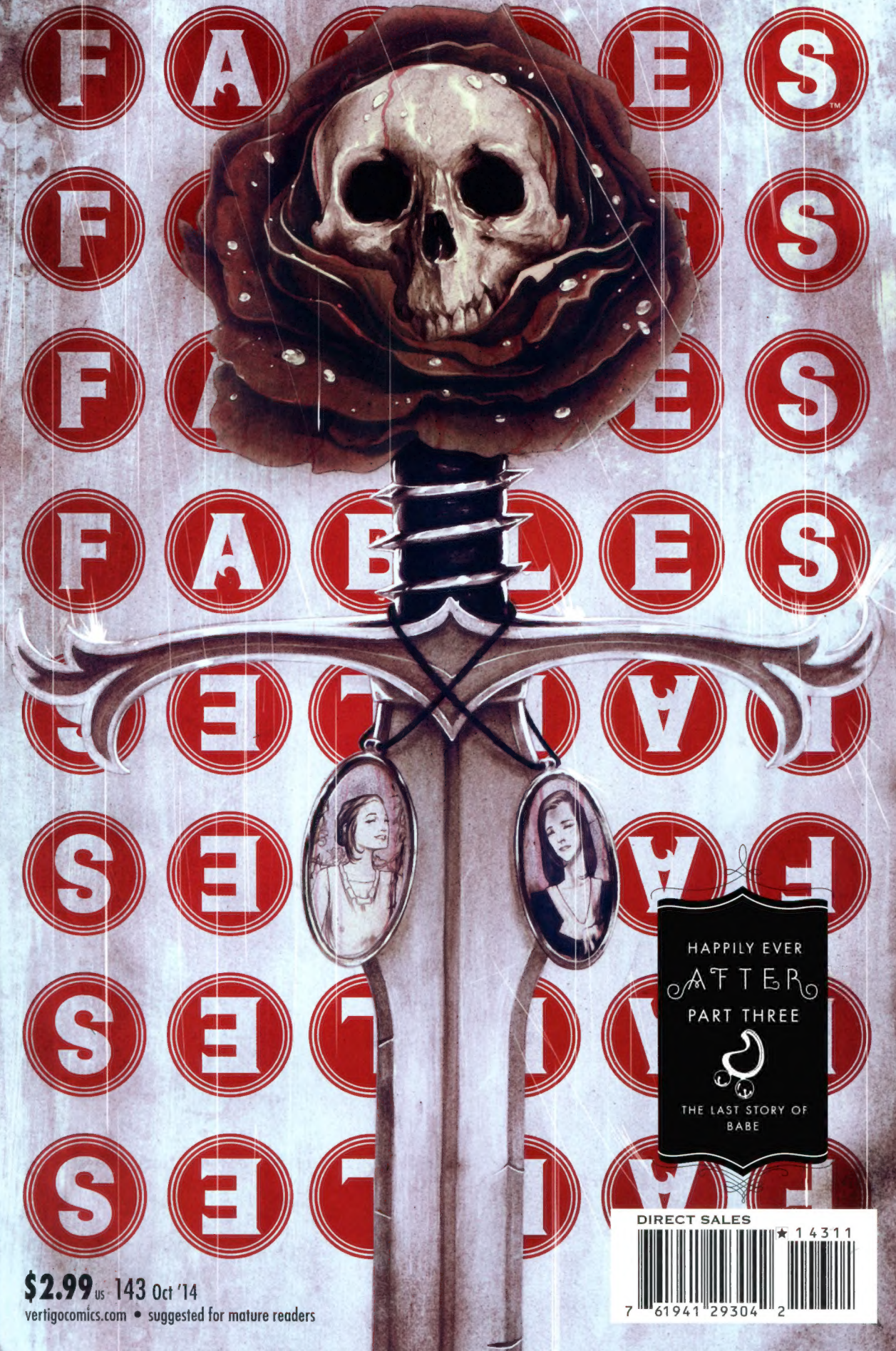



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inks

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Loughbridge
colors

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letters

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Shelly
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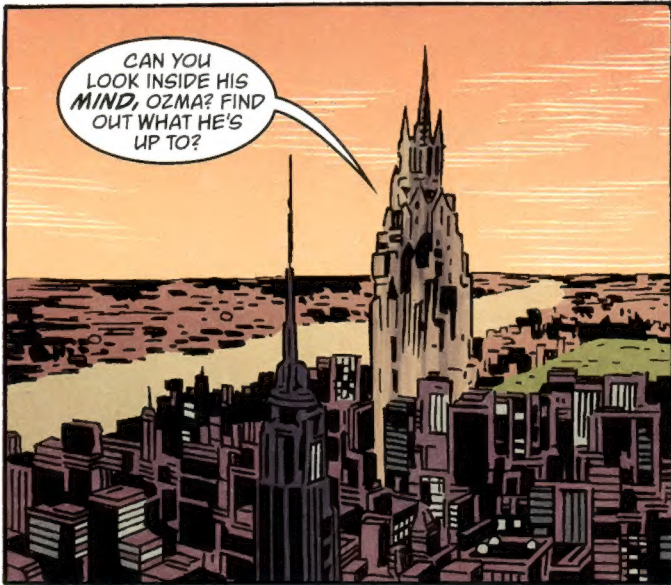
THRUSHBEARD'S
DEATH SERVED *ONE* SMALL
PURPOSE AT LEAST.

I WAS
ABLE TO JUMP
MY *WATCHING*
EYE FROM
THRUSHBEARD
ONTO BIGBY AT
THE FATAL
MOMENT.

I'VE
GOT HIM
NOW.

BARRING
UNFORESEEN
DEVELOPMENTS,
I SHOULD BE ABLE
TO FOLLOW HIM
ANYWHERE.





CAN YOU LOOK INSIDE HIS MIND, OZMA? FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO?



NO. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO, BUT I CAN'T.



ONLY TWO POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS FOR THAT.

EITHER HIS MIND IS GONE, OR--

IF THAT WERE THE CASE, YOU SHOULD GET SOME KIND OF PRIMAL, ANIMAL SENSE OF WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS MIXED-UP MELON.



TRUE. I CAN SEE BY THE EXTERNAL EVIDENCE THAT HE'S GONE FERAL, BUT HIS INTERIOR'S A CLOSED BOOK.

WHICH SUGGESTS THE SECOND POSSIBILITY?



SOMEONE ELSE IS OVERWRITING HIS MIND.

DRIVING BIGBY LIKE A STOLEN CAR?

WHO?



THAT'S THE MILLION-DOLLAR QUESTION, ISN'T IT?





QUIT IT, BIGBY.



QUIT FIGHTING ME.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE TRYING TO MAKE YOUR WAY TO FABLETOWN CASTLE, DESPITE THE FACT THAT SNOW IS HERE FOR THE MOMENT.



I DON'T WANT YOU TOO CLOSE TO ME, FOR ANY REASON.

WE CAN'T RISK THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF ONE OF THE CASTLE'S TAMED **SORCERERS** ASSOCIATING YOU WITH ME.



YOUR INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO MAKE YOUR WAY UP TO THE FARM.

AND THEN TO YOUR SO-CALLED **WOLF VALLEY**.



THAT'S WHERE YOU CAN KILL ALL OF YOUR REMAINING **CUBLINGS**, AND THEN SNOW TOO, ONCE SHE LEARNS OF THEIR FATES AND COMES RUNNING.





RELIABLE SNOW.

SHE'LL RUSH SO DUTIFULLY TO HER OWN SLAUGHTER.



OBEY ME, BIGBY. YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN ENTIRELY OUT OF THE CITY YESTERDAY.

OBEY ME OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.



YOU'RE BROKEN, BUT YOU CAN END UP MUCH WORSE.

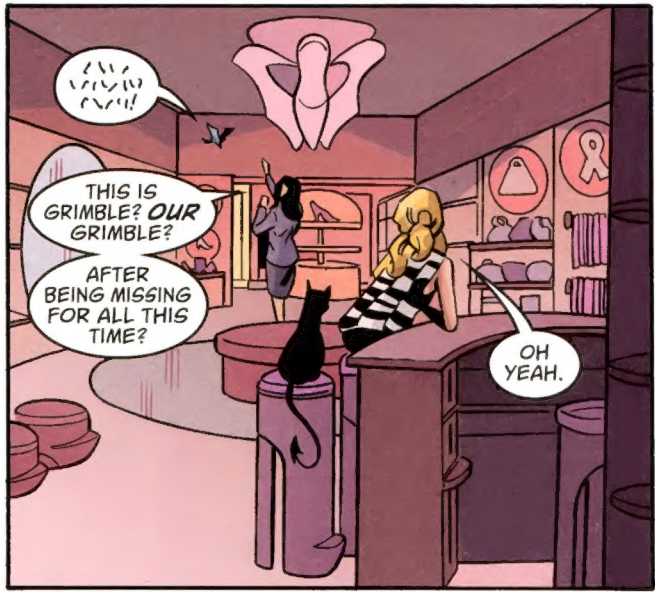
MY SHATTERED, SAVAGE WOLF.

MY TREASURED PLAY-THING.

MY GLASS DAGGER, THRUST INTO THE HEART OF FABLETOWN.

TRY THOUGH YOU MAY, YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE DARKNESS.

AND THOUGH MISTER DARK WAS UNFAIRLY TAKEN FROM THIS WORLD, HIS LEGACY LIVES ON QUITE ABLY THROUGH HIS BRIDE.

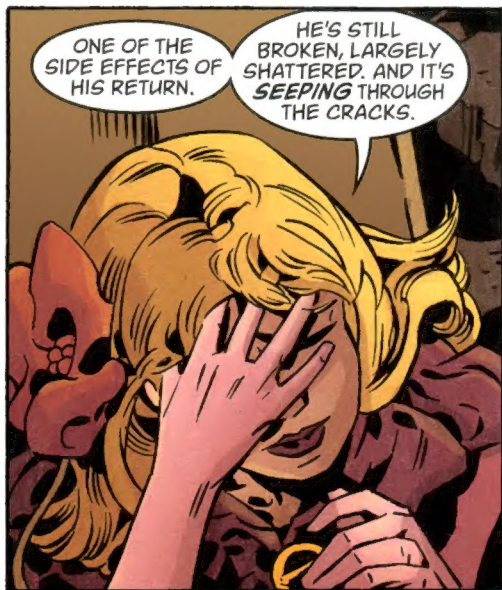




OH NO.

WHAT NOW?

BIGBY.



ONE OF THE SIDE EFFECTS OF HIS RETURN.

HE'S STILL BROKEN, LARGELY SHATTERED, AND IT'S SEEPING THROUGH THE CRACKS.



WHAT? WHAT'S GETTING THROUGH?

HE'S LEAKING WILD, RAW MAGIC INTO THE MUNDY WORLD.

THAT COULD BEGIN TO UNRAVEL OUR SPELL STRUCTURES AND--



I KNOW. HE NEEDS TO BE STOPPED. RIGHT NOW.

BEFORE HE RUINS EVERYTHING.



I HOPED WE COULD SAVE HIM.

BUT INSTEAD I HAVE TO GO OUT THERE AND KILL HIM.





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v i c t o r y

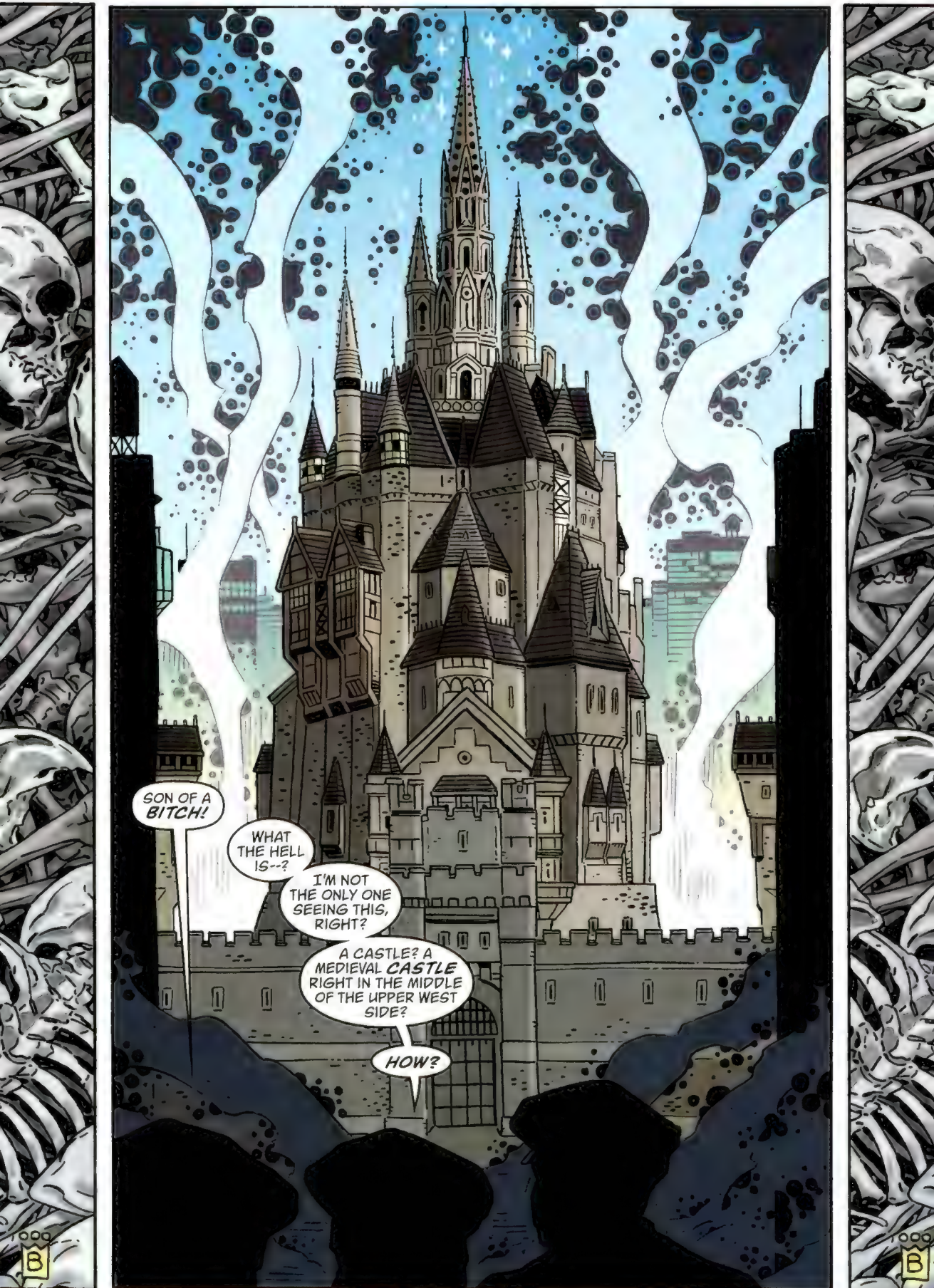
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SON OF A BITCH!

WHAT THE HELL IS--?

I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE SEEING THIS, RIGHT?

A CASTLE? A MEDIEVAL CASTLE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE?

HOW?



I'VE HAD THIS PATROL AREA FOR THE PAST **THREE YEARS** AND NEVER ONCE NOTICED IT.

BECAUSE IT WAS NEVER HERE.

IMPOSSIBLE.




THIS IS **MY** PRECINCT TOO, SIR. THERE WAS NEVER A BUILDING LIKE THIS HERE-- NOT **EVER**.

AND YET HERE ONE IS.

THIS IS LIKE THE **KILLER BEAST** THAT DEFIES ALL NATURE.

WE'VE GOT MONSTERS NOW, SO WHY NOT **CASTLES** TOO?

THERE'S AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS. **HAS** TO BE.



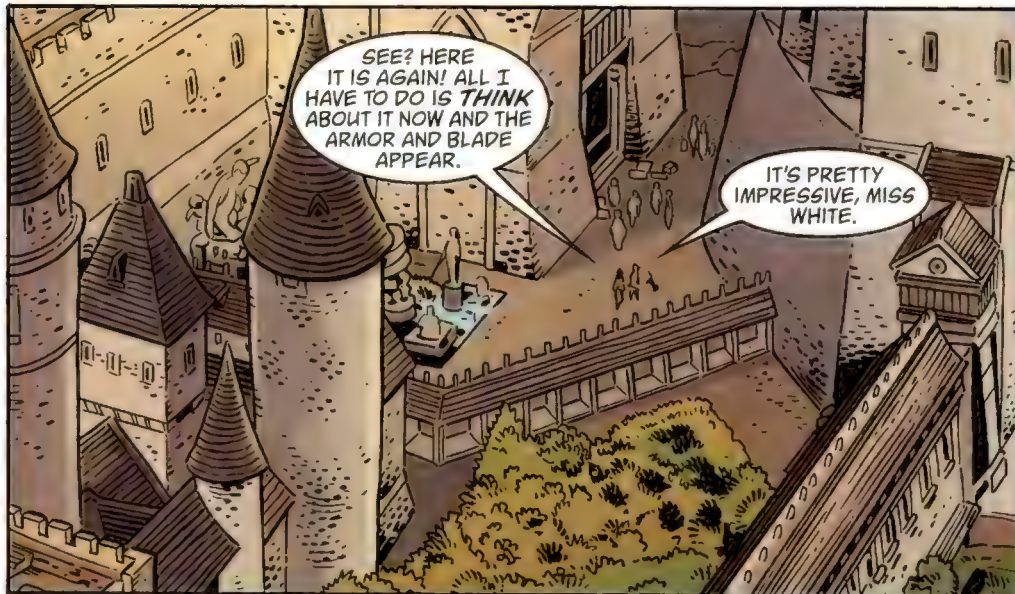
WHAT MIGHT THAT BE, SIR?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW? I BECAME A COP SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE GODDAMN **IMPONDERABLE MYSTERIES** OF LIFE.

THIS IS A PROBLEM FOR THOSE MUCH FARTHER UP THE **FOOD CHAIN**.

THROW A CORDON AROUND THAT STRUCTURE, SERGEANT. CALL IN OFF-DUTY PERSONNEL--ANYONE YOU NEED.

IN THE MEANTIME, NO ONE APPROACHES IT. THIS IS STRICTLY **ASSHOLES-FROM-WASHINGTON** LEVEL. WE'LL LEAVE IT TO THEM.



SEE? HERE IT IS AGAIN! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS **THINK** ABOUT IT NOW AND THE ARMOR AND BLADE APPEAR.

IT'S PRETTY IMPRESSIVE, MISS WHITE.



I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO BE **NEAR** ROSE RED ANYMORE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE ALL IN BLACK THOUGH. IT LOOKS A BIT **SINISTER**.



BECAUSE SOMEHOW ROSE RED IS **DRIVING** ALL OF THIS, AND SHE'S ALREADY CAST HERSELF IN THE ROLE OF THE **GLORIOUS** ARTHURIAN KING.

SO THAT LEAVES ME IN THE ROLE OF THE **VILLAIN**.



I DON'T HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH IT, THOUGH. AND I WON'T CARRY THIS **DAMNED** BLACK BLADE.

GO AWAY!



HERE, I'LL HAVE A BLADE AS WHITE AS ICE. AND **ICE** WILL BE ITS NAME.

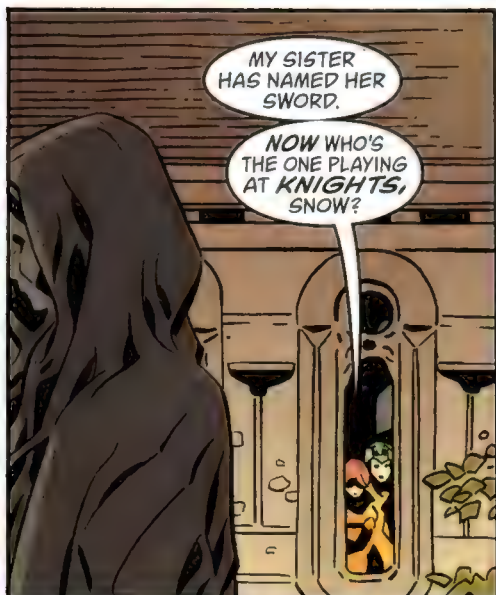
MISS WHITE?

MIND TELLING US HOW YOU **DID** THAT?



OH LOOK.

HOW QUAIN'T.



MY SISTER HAS NAMED HER SWORD.

NOW WHO'S THE ONE PLAYING AT KNIGHTS, SNOW?



DON'T BE SO QUICK TO DISMISS HER, OR THE NAMING OF IMPORTANT WEAPONS.

CEREMONY AND NAMING ARE THE BEGINNING OF ALL SPELLCRAFT. THE FIRST STEPS TOWARDS *BINDING* MAGIC TO OUR WILL.



SNOW'S POWER IS GATHERING AS FAST AS YOURS.

WHATEVER YOU'VE UNLOCKED IS BUILDING UP FAST TO A CRITICAL MASS. TAKING ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN. I WORRY THAT--



IMPORTANT TO NAME OUR SWORDS, HUH? OKAY, IF SNOW HAS HER ICE, MINE WILL BE *THORN*. THAT'S AS FITTING A NAME A ROSE COULD WANT.

IS THAT ALL YOU'VE HEARD FROM WHAT I JUST TOLD YOU, ROSE? GIVING THINGS NAMES?

From the Award-Winning Writer of **Y: THE LAST MAN** and **SAGA**

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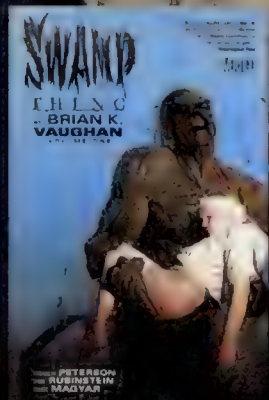
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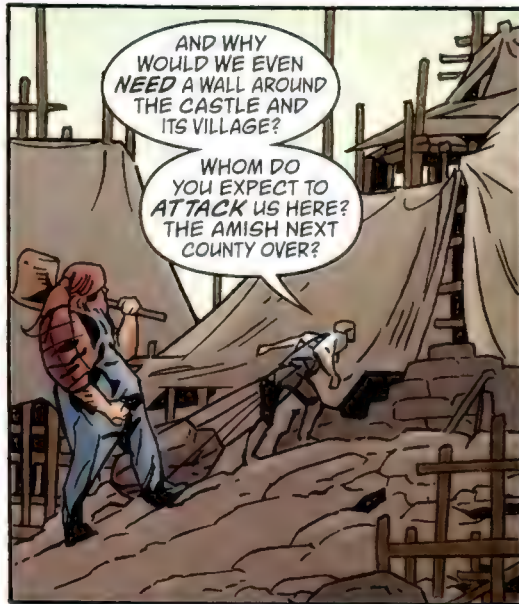
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BELIEVE THAT, IF YOU WANT.

OH, I DO, AND I WILL, WEYLAND SMITH.

WANT TO KNOW WHAT ELSE I BELIEVE?



I BELIEVE I KNOW HOW THE NOBLE KING FLYCATCHER'S GRAND HOLY SACRED MAGIC WORKS--AT LEAST WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED.

YOU'RE A GHOST, ENJOYING A SECOND LIFE IN THIS WORLD BECAUSE HE HUNG SOME CONJURED MEAT ON YOU AND PUT YOU ALL BACK TOGETHER, RIGHT?



THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY FROM HIM FOR TOO LONG. YOU'RE THE UNDEAD ZOMBIE AND HE'S THE MAGIC HOLY POWER PACK, KEEPING YOU FRESH.

IF HE STAYS DOWN IN THE CITY TOO LONG, DO YOU BEGIN TO FALL APART AGAIN, OR JUST SORT OF FADE AWAY?



MORE TO THE POINT, IF YOU DIE WHILE HE'S SO FAR AWAY, ARE YOU GONE FOR GOOD THIS TIME?

LET'S SEE, SHALL WE?



YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND AGAINST ME?

OH, YES!

I PRETTY MUCH THINK EXACTLY THAT.



PUMMEL
AT ME ALL YOU
LIKE, I CAN'T BE
HARMED.

NOT WHILE
MY HEART RESIDES
FAR AWAY IN A PLACE
OF SAFETY.



BUT I CAN
HURT YOU,
GIANT.
CONSIDER
THIS MY FORMAL
COMPLAINT ABOUT
WORKPLACE
ABUSE.



THE VERY
LAST STORY OF
WEYLAND SMITH,
WRITTEN IN HIS
OWN BLOOD.



HE DIED
ALONE.
FOOLISHLY.
FOR NO GREAT
CAUSE.
SERVING
NO HIGHER
PURPOSE.

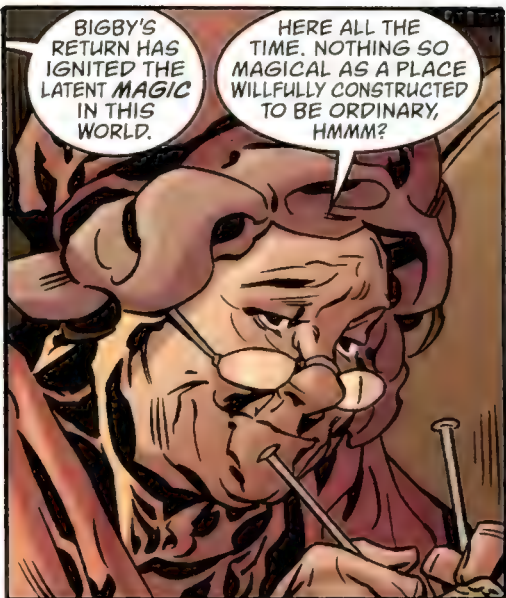


THE
END.



IT'S BEGUN!
THE MUNDYS CAN SEE US!

I KNOW.



BIGBY'S RETURN HAS IGNITED THE LATENT MAGIC IN THIS WORLD.

HERE ALL THE TIME. NOTHING SO MAGICAL AS A PLACE WILLFULLY CONSTRUCTED TO BE ORDINARY, HMMM?



DID SHE JUST MAKE SENSE?

NOW I'M AFRAID.



WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?

THEY DESIGNED IT TO MAKE ME LOOK GOOD IN BATTLE, BUT I NEVER GOT TO USE IT.



THOUGHT I WOULD NOW, BECAUSE... WHY NOT?



CHOOSE WISELY IF THE WOLF GETS ME.

IN THE KINGDOM OF HAVEN...

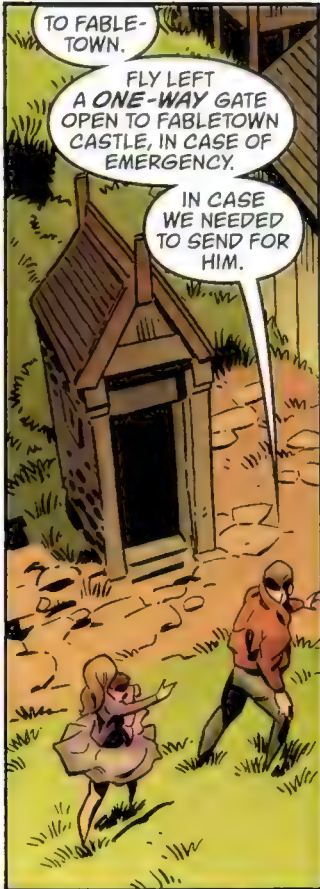
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



TO FABLE-TOWN.

FLY LEFT A ONE-WAY GATE OPEN TO FABLETOWN CASTLE, IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

IN CASE WE NEEDED TO SEND FOR HIM.



AND IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO? SEND FOR HIM?

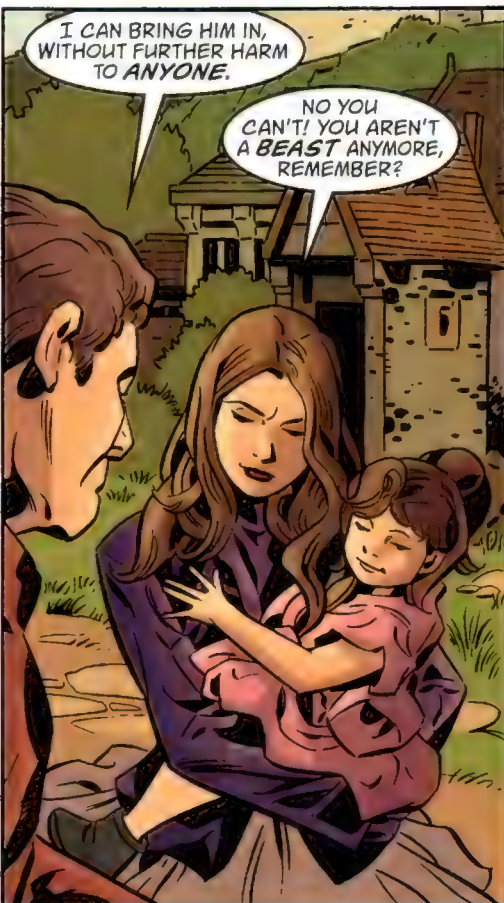
NO, I--

NO, YOU'RE PLANNING TO GO THERE AND TRY TO CAPTURE *BIGBY*, AREN'T YOU?



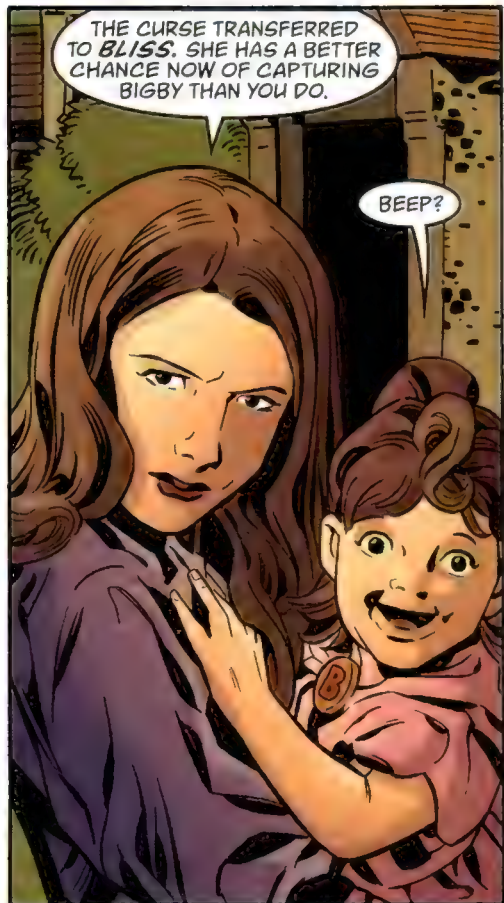
I CAN BRING HIM IN, WITHOUT FURTHER HARM TO ANYONE.

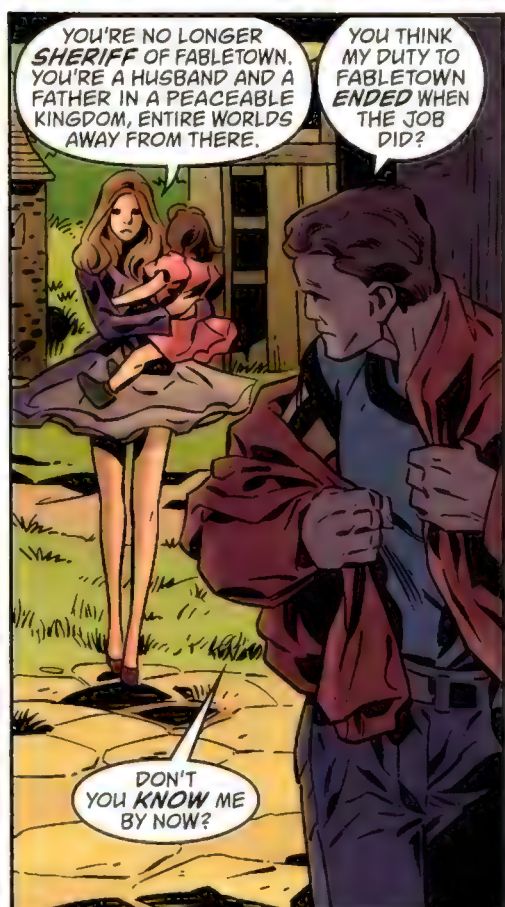
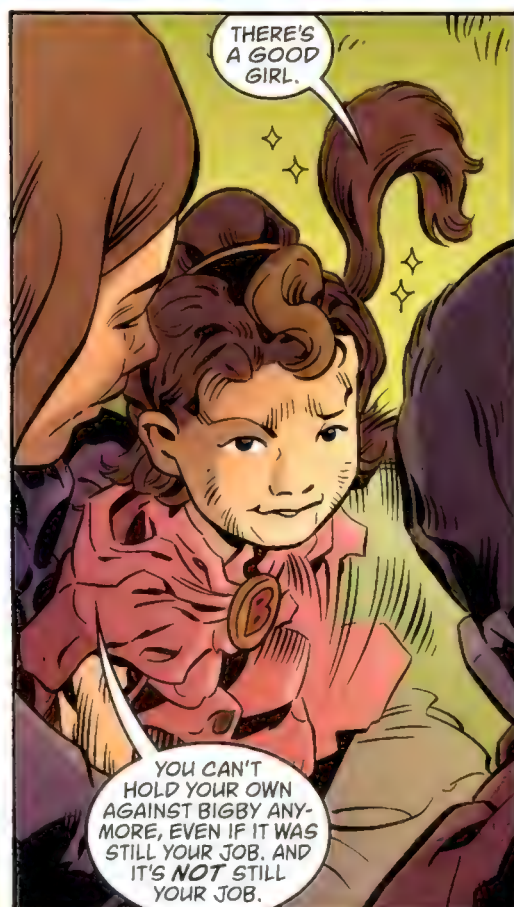
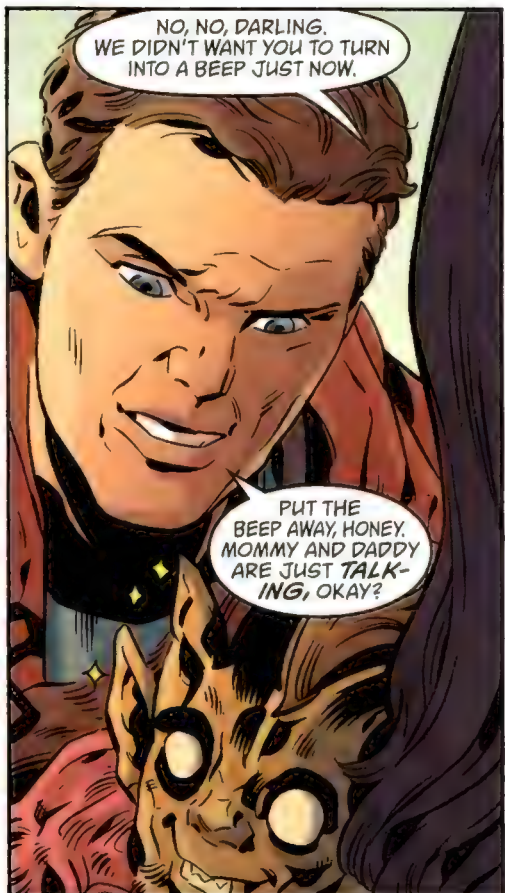
NO YOU CAN'T! YOU AREN'T A BEAST ANYMORE, REMEMBER?



THE CURSE TRANSFERRED TO *BLISS*. SHE HAS A BETTER CHANCE NOW OF CAPTURING *BIGBY* THAN YOU DO.

BEEP?





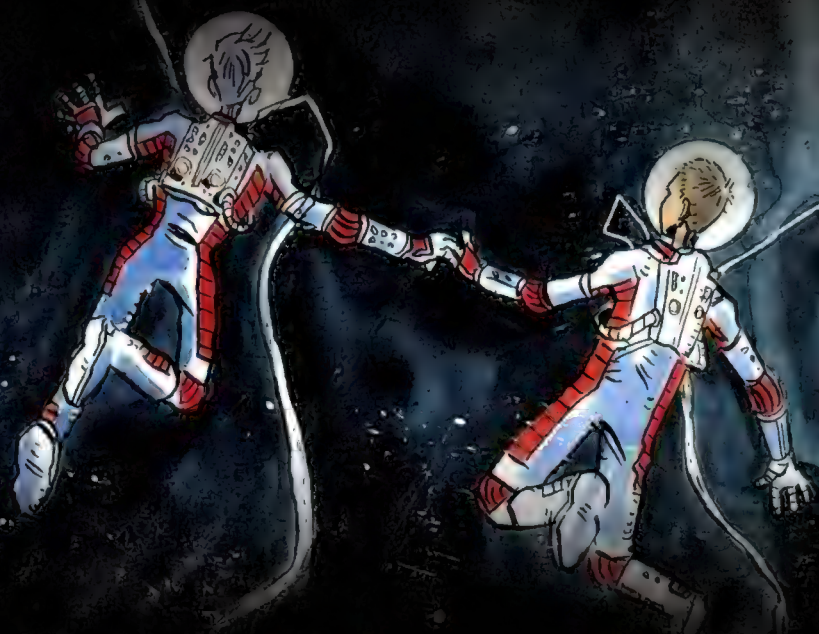


WEYLAND
BUILT THIS SUIT
FOR ME SO THAT I
COULD SURVIVE A
BATTLE WITH A
DARK GOD.

SO I
THINK IT'S PLENTY
TOUGH ENOUGH TO
WRANGLE ONE MENTALLY
ADDLED WOLF
MAN.

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The Very Last Story of Babe the Miniature Blue Ox

Matthew Sturges *writer* Tony Akins *artist* Lee Loughridge *colors* Todd Klein *letters* Rowena Yow *assoc. ed.* Shelly Bond *editor*

"I THRILLED YOU WITH THE ADVENTURES OF ALONZO, THE CRUELTY-FREE PIRATE, WHO WORE DOWN HIS ENEMIES' DEFENSES WITH COMPLIMENTS AND BACKRUBS."

HI, I'M BABE THE MINIATURE BLUE OX.

YOU MAY REMEMBER ME FROM THE PAGES OF JACK OF FABLES, WHERE I PLAYED A NUMBER OF THAT BOOK'S MOST BELOVED AND MEMORABLE CHARACTERS.

YOU'RE ALL DOING A GREAT JOB!

"I CHILLED YOU AS LENNY FLANAGAN, THE EXISTENTIAL OPTOMETRIST."

GO AHEAD AND READ THE LETTERS ON THE CHART OVER THERE.

YOU KNOW, AN EYE CHART IS A LOT LIKE LIFE--WHEN YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, YOU REALIZE THAT YOU CAN'T MAKE OUT THE DETAILS, AND EVEN IF YOU COULD, THEY WOULDN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

THAT'S RIGHT, I JUST DILATED YOUR SOUL.

"I SHOWED YOU A WORLD OF FINANCIAL INTRIGUE AS DASH WEINSTEIN, HEROIC ACCOUNTANT FOR HIRE."

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME, DASH!

SORRY, SWEETHEART. THE WAY YOU'VE MARKET-TO-MARKETED THOSE DERIVATIVES, THERE'S NOT AN ACCOUNTANT IN THE WORLD WHO CAN GET YOU OUT OF THIS MESS. UNLESS...

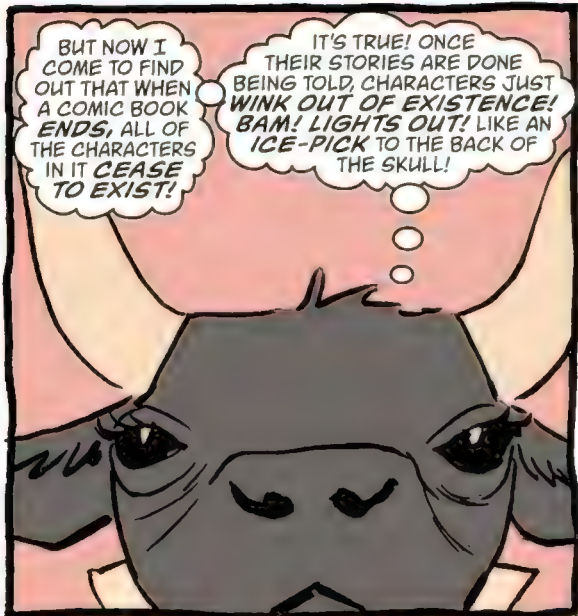
"AND ALSO-- THIS GUY!"

SOON MY ELECTRIC FISH WILL BE PERFECTED. AND THEN I, WINSTON BORKUS, SHALL BE NOT JUST KING OF THE GREATER NEWARK AREA, BUT FINALLY EMPEROR OF THE ENTIRE NEW JERSEY GATEWAY REGION!



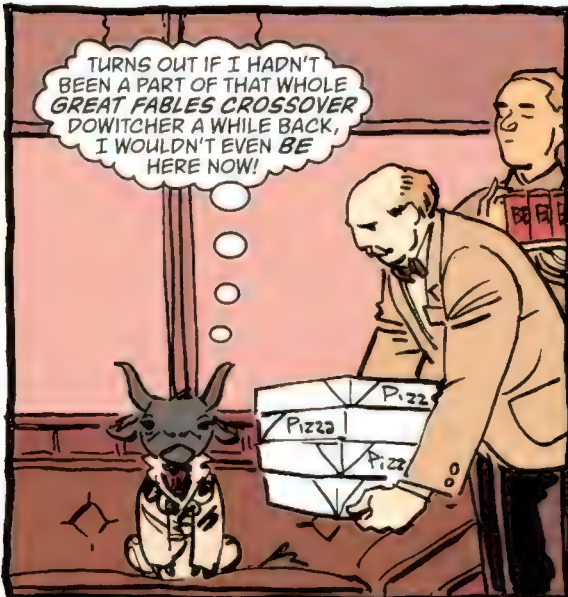
HECK, ONCE I EVEN PLAYED AN ANTHROPO-MORPHIC TISSUE!

IT WAS HARD WORK, BUT I ENJOYED IT. AND WHEN JACK WAS DONE, I DECIDED TO RETIRE FROM THE BUSINESS.



BUT NOW I COME TO FIND OUT THAT WHEN A COMIC BOOK ENDS, ALL OF THE CHARACTERS IN IT CEASE TO EXIST!

IT'S TRUE! ONCE THEIR STORIES ARE DONE BEING TOLD, CHARACTERS JUST WINK OUT OF EXISTENCE! BAM! LIGHTS OUT! LIKE AN ICE-PICK TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL!



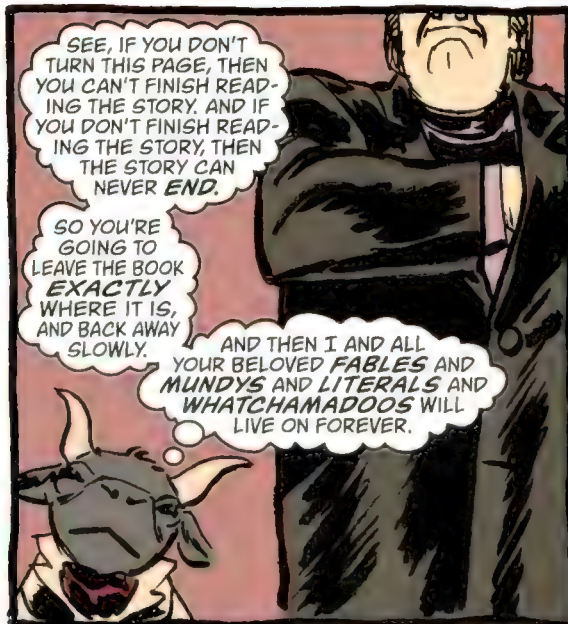
TURNS OUT IF I HADN'T BEEN A PART OF THAT WHOLE GREAT FABLES CROSSOVER DOWITCHER A WHILE BACK, I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE NOW!



SO HERE'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

I'M GOING TO SIT HERE AND EAT THESE PIZZAS AND DRINK ALL THIS TAB.

AND YOU ARE GOING TO DO EXACTLY NOTHING.



SEE, IF YOU DON'T TURN THIS PAGE, THEN YOU CAN'T FINISH READING THE STORY. AND IF YOU DON'T FINISH READING THE STORY, THEN THE STORY CAN NEVER END.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE THE BOOK EXACTLY WHERE IT IS, AND BACK AWAY SLOWLY.

AND THEN I AND ALL YOUR BELOVED FABLES AND MUNDYS AND LITERALS AND WHATCHAMADOOS WILL LIVE ON FOREVER.



YOU DIDN'T WANT FABLES TO END, RIGHT?

WELL, NOW IT NEVER WILL.

WHY CHANCE IT? DO WHAT THE LITTLE OX SAYS!

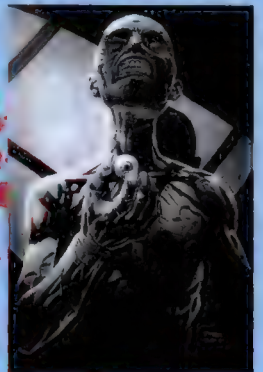
FOUR DETECTIVES. FOUR ERAS. ONE MURDER.



BODIES

SI SPENCER DEAN ORMSTON PHIL WINSLADE MEGHAN HETRICK TULA LOTAY

AN 8-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES



First issue variant cover by DAVID FINCH

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BODIES

#1 Sneak Preview

LONGHARVEST LANE • LONDON • 2014

*I'm thinking
this wasn't police
brutality.*

*Our gang's
good, but we're
not this good.*

*This looks like
the work of a
professional.*



I'm taking photographs that only I will ever see or care about, portraits of the hidden heart of humanity.

A family album of torture and corruption. Surely this is the work of more than one man; but to what purpose? To what ends?

FOOSH



And what madman's work is this?

I'm hungry. I might get a ship's biscuit.

No. I'm supposed to be *doing* something.



Something with this...this...I want to say giraffe? Jelly? Telescope?



It's harder when I'm outside. The pulsewave's so much *stranger* in the open air.

The streets used to be full of these.



Remember, remember, remember, picklesticks, twine and credenza...



My name is Maplewood... and this? This is a corpse!



I knew I'd get it eventually. Smart as a sink plunger, me...

LONGHARVEST LANE • LONDON • 1940

It's been a long
rain in the East
End of late...

...and the harvest
has barely begun.



To be continued in:

BODIES #1!

In stores July 30th.



WHERE
THE HELL
DID HE COME
FROM?

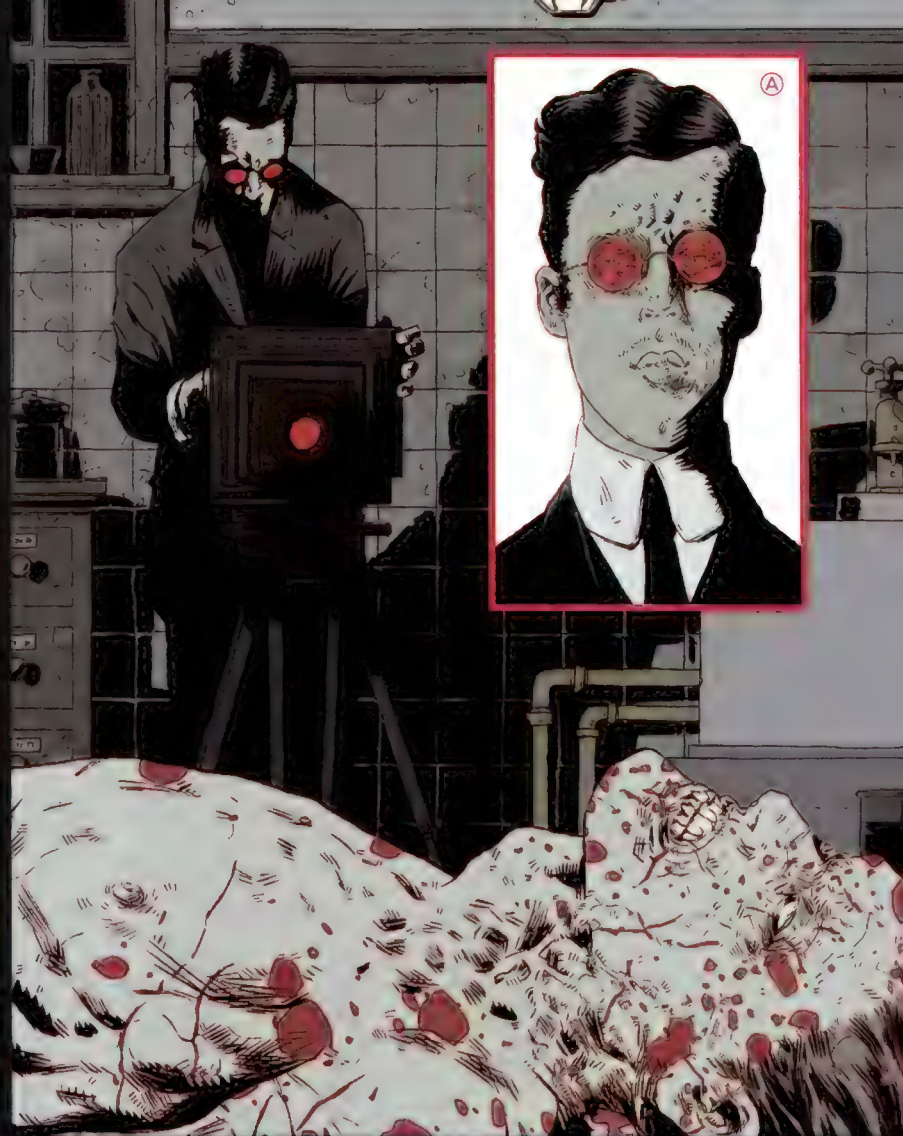
WHERE
THE HELL
INDEED?

1890, Dean Ormston's Victorian, penny dreadful atmosphere is the perfect style for Edmond Hillinghead, a buttoned-down Conan Doyle fan trying to bring science to a police force that essentially exists to protect the rich.

1940, Phil Winslade, with his film noir tones, crafts Karl Whiteman, a Polish émigré career-criminal who fled the Nazis and signed up with the London Police.

2014, Meghan Hetrick illustrates a fast-tracked female Muslim detective, Shahara Hasan, with clean precision that has the feel of present day CCTV or rolling news.

2050, Tula Lotay's dreamlike, surrealist work perfectly depicts the confused state of Maplewood, an amnesiac cop trying to police the few survivors of an apocalypse while struggling to remember who she is at any given moment.



DESKTOP

FBP

FEDERAL BUREAU OF PHYSICS

As physics continues to morph the lives of Adam and Rosa in the pages of FBP, the team in our dimension evolves along with them. Artist and co-creator, Robbi Rodriguez finishes up his artistic run on the series with issue #13, the final part of WISH YOU WERE HERE, in stores August 13th. Who will join the ranks on visuals? Read on!

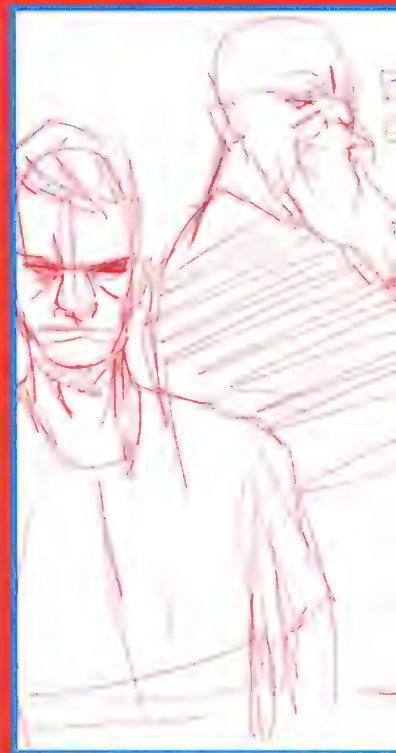
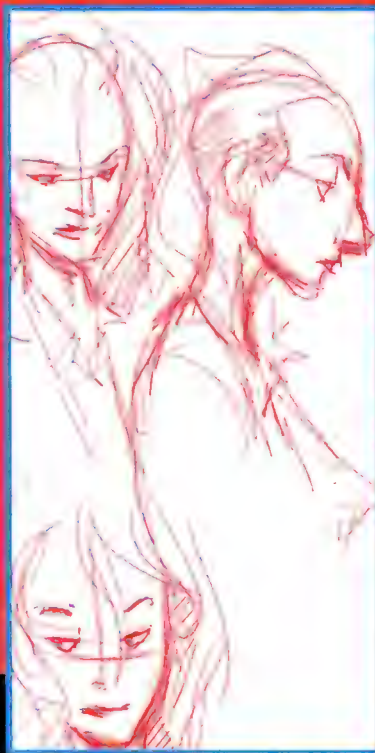


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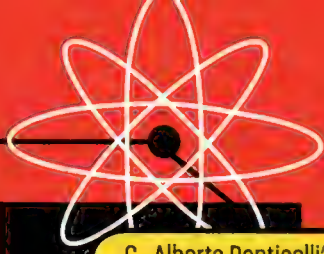
A. Robbi Rodriguez's spectacular pinup of the fan favorite and slightly left of center character Rosa.



B



B. Robbi's sketches of the wacky characters from *Nakeet, Alaska*, in FBP #13.



We at the FBP are thrilled to welcome Alberto Ponticelli as the new field artist! He'll team up with Nathan Fox, the axis around which FBP's award-winning covers turn, in the two-part storyline, **STANDING ON SHOULDERS**, which takes us back to Cicero's formative years as a student at the very peculiar FBP Academy (in stores October 8th).

C. Alberto Ponticelli's character designs for Adam, Rosa and Cicero, perfectly captures the original characters' flair!



D. The story, **STANDING ON SHOULDERS**, begins on the cover of FBP #14 by Nathan Fox and features an unbelievably adorable bebe Cicero! Here's an excerpt:



Strange elements are brewing, and the strangest agents are the only agents who can help. Call 911 and ask for the FBP: Federal Bureau of Physics.

GRAPHIC CONTENT

When I was ten years old, I became obsessed with serial killers...

My mother worked in a library, and I spent most days after school wandering the stacks, wearing out copies of *MIND HUNTER* and *THE STRANGER BESIDE ME*. If you're a weird loner kid whose main interests are death investigation, gruesome crime stories, horror novels and communicable diseases (shout-out to the sixth grade teacher who confiscated my copy of *THE HOT ZONE*), you pretty much either have to become a writer or start burying prostitutes and runaways under your carport.



Since it's a lot harder to get away with murder, I became a writer, and I've always wanted to write a serial killer story: that quintessential light-and-shadow play between the killer and the tireless investigator who pursues him. In the second arc of *COFFIN HILL*, Eve Coffin pursues the Ice Fisher, a killer who has Boston

by the throat as he picks off young women one by one. He has dark power much like Eve's, only he's not afraid to use it. And when rookie cop Eve puts herself in his line of fire, her life is upended as surely as any of the victims or their families.

If the story we witnessed in *COFFIN HILL VOL. 1: FOREST OF THE NIGHT* was a spiral, working closer and closer to the dark heart beating in the woods outside of town, *DARK ENDEAVORS* is a puzzle, pieces locking into place one after another, faster and faster, bringing Eve ever nearer to the Ice Fisher's identity—and the revelation of what his plans are for Eve and his seven victims. Inaki Miranda's art is the perfect complement to the story I've always wanted to write—full of dark shadows, darker figures hiding inside them and bright spots of blood. I finally got my serial killer story, and I can't think of a better setting for it than the cursed town of Coffin Hill.

— Caitlin Kittredge, Writer

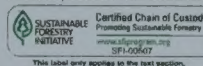


Coffin Hill #10 in stores August 13th



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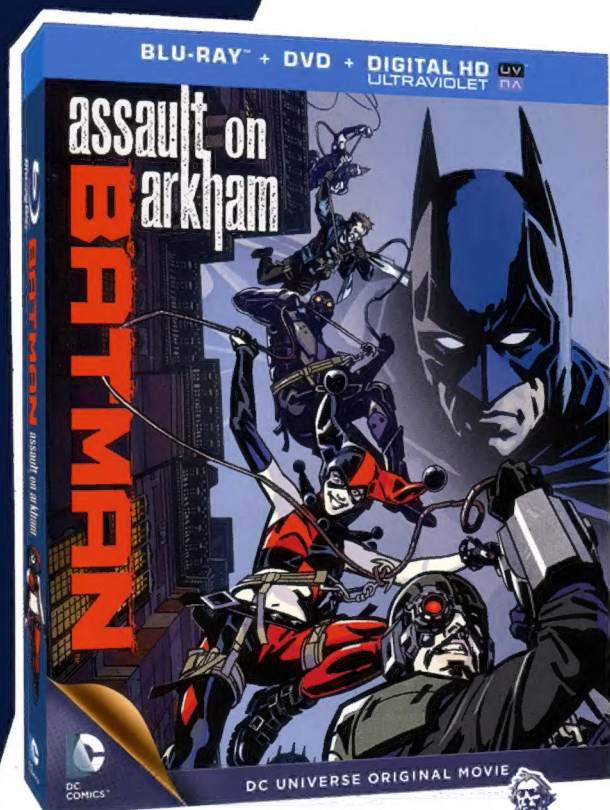
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